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TALES OF MANY FOLK









# TALES OF MANY FOLK

Retold by  
GEORGENE FAULKNER

*Illustrated by Vera Clere*



CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

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*For my little friends  
Sally and Betty Cheney*

8885



These old, old tales were told by the folk of many lands in that long ago time before there were books; the "grown-ups" loved to tell stories to each other, and they, quite as much as the children, enjoyed these stories. They believed that the animals could talk and act just like people, and so they loved these animal stories, especially where the kindly animals served man.

These stories are full of repetition, for the early people liked to hear the same words again and again, just as they enjoyed the rhythmic beat in music; and the folk music, the folk dance, and the folk tale are all very closely connected.

These early people, as they told and retold the tales, sometimes changed a story, that it might seem to fit more closely into their own experiences and lives. Hence, we are often much surprised to find almost the same tale told by many folk in different lands.

We must remember that these stories were told when the world was young, and that they have lived and been retold these many years because they were told in a simple, sincere manner by the folk who really believed the stories.

GEORGENE FAULKNER.





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## CHICKEN LITTLE

Once upon a time there lived in a poultry yard a wee little chicken. He was such a wee little chicken that everybody on the farm called him Chicken Little.

One day, when Chicken Little was scratching about for food, a big gooseberry dropped from a gooseberry bush and fell upon his head, rolled down his back, and dropped off his little tail. Chicken Little was so frightened that he ran to Henny Penny and cried, "Peep, peep! Run, run! Henny Penny, the sky is falling! Peep, peep!"

"Cluck, cluck, cluck!" clucked Henny Penny. "How do you know that the sky is falling, Chicken Little?"

"Oh, I saw it with my eyes; I heard it with my ears, and a part of it fell on my tail!" chirped Chicken Little. "Peep, peep! Run, run!"

"Cluck, cluck, bad luck! Run, run! Cluck, cluck!" answered Henny Penny, and Henny Penny and Chicken Little ran as fast as they could until they met Cocky-Locky.

"Cock-a-doodle-do-ooo! What's the trouble with you-ooo?" crowed Cocky-Locky.

## TALES OF MANY FOLK

"Cluck, cluck, bad luck!" "Peep, peep! Let's weep! Run, run! Cocky-Locky, the sky is falling."

"Cock-a-doodle-do-ooo, who told you-ooo, Henny Penny?"

"Chicken Little told me. Cluck, cluck, bad luck!"

"Cock-a-doodle-do-ooo, who told you-ooo, Chicken Little?"

"Oh, I saw it with my eyes; I heard it with my ears, and part of it fell on my tail! Run, run, Cocky-Locky! Peep, peep! Let's weep!"

Then Chicken Little and Henny Penny and Cocky-Locky ran and ran until, down by the duck pond, they met Ducky-Lucky.

"Quack, quack! Where are you three running so fast?" said Ducky-Lucky.

"Cock-a-doodle-do-ooo!" "Cluck, cluck!" "Peep, peep!" they all began to talk at once. "Run, run, Ducky-Lucky, the sky is falling!"

"Quack, quack! Who told you, Cocky-Locky?"

"Henny Penny told me. Cock-a-doodle-do-ooo, what shall we do?"

"Quack, quack! Who told you, Henny Penny?"

"Chicken Little told me. Cluck, cluck, bad luck!"

"Quack, quack! Who told you, Chicken Little?"

## CHICKEN LITTLE

"Oh, I saw it with my eyes; I heard it with my ears, and part of it fell on my tail! Run, run, Ducky-Lucky! Peep, peep! Let's weep!"

Then Chicken Little, Henny Penny, Cocky-Locky,



and Ducky-Lucky ran and ran until they met Goosey-Poosey.

"Hiss, hiss-ss, what's amiss?" hissed Goosey-Poosey.

"Quack, quack!" "Cock - a - doodle - do - ooo!" "Cluck, cluck!" "Peep, peep!" they all began to talk at once. "Run, run, Goosey-Poosey, the sky is falling!"

## TALES OF MANY FOLK

"Hiss-hiss-ss, who told you, Ducky-Lucky?"

"Cocky-Locky told me. Quack, quack! Alack, alack!"

"Hiss-hiss-ss, who told you, Cocky-Locky?"

"Henny Penny told me. Cock-a-doodle-do-ooo, what shall we do?"

"Hiss-hiss-ss, who told you, Henny Penny?"

"Chicken Little told me. Cluck, cluck, bad luck!"

"Hiss-hiss-ss, who told you, Chicken Little?"

"Oh, I saw it with my eyes; I heard it with my ears, and part of it fell on my tail! Run, run, Goosey-Poosey! Peep, peep! Let's weep!"

Then Chicken Little, Henny Penny, Cocky-Locky, Ducky-Lucky, and Goosey-Poosey ran and ran until they met Turkey-Lurkey, who came strutting along through the barnyard puffing himself up like a ship under full sail.

"Gobble, gobble, what's the trouble, trouble?" scolded Turkey-Lurkey.

"Hiss-hiss-ss!" "Quack, quack!" "Cock-a-doodle-do-ooo!" "Cluck, cluck!" "Peep, peep!" they all began to talk at once.

"Run, run, Turkey-Lurkey, the sky is falling!"

"Gobble, gobble, who told you, Goosey-Poosey?"

## CHICKEN LITTLE

"Ducky-Lucky told me. Hiss-hiss-ss!"

"Gobble, gobble, who told you, Ducky-Lucky?"

"Cocky-Locky told me. Quack, quack, alack, alack!"

"Gobble, gobble, who told you, Cocky-Locky?"

"Henny Penny told me. Cock-a-doodle-do-ooo, what shall we do?"

"Gobble, gobble, who told you, Henny Penny?"

"Chicken Little told me. Cluck, cluck, bad luck!"

"Gobble, gobble, who told you, Chicken Little?"

"Oh, I saw it with my eyes; I heard it with my ears, and part of it fell on my tail! Run, run, Turkey-Lurkey! Peep, peep! Let's weep."

"Gobble, gobble, trouble, trouble! Yes, we will run and run to the palace and tell the King," answered Turkey-Lurkey.

Then Turkey-Lurkey, Goosey-Poosey, Ducky-Lucky, Cocky-Locky, Henny Penny, and Chicken Little all ran away from the barnyard, across the fields, and far away into the forest, where they met Foxy-Loxy.

When Foxy-Loxy saw them he began to lick his chops and to grin. "Why, where are you all going and what is your trouble?" he asked.

## TALES OF MANY FOLK



Then they all began to talk at once:

"Gobble, gobble, trouble, trouble!" — "Hiss-hiss-ss, 'tis amiss!" — "Quack, quack, alack, alack!" — "Cock-a-doodle-doo-ooo, what shall we do?" — "Cluck, cluck, bad luck!" — "Peep, peep! Let's weep!" "Run, run, Foxy-Loxy, the sky is falling and we are going to tell the King!"

"Who told you, Turkey-Lurkey?"

"Goosey-Poosey told me. Gobble, gobble, trouble, trouble!"

"Who told you, Goosey-Poosey?"

"Ducky-Lucky told me. Hiss-hiss-ss!"

"Who told you, Ducky-Lucky?"

"Cocky-Locky told me. Quack, quack, alack, alack!"

"Who told you, Cocky-Locky?"



## CHICKEN LITTLE



"Henny Penny told me. Cock-a-doodle-do-ooo, what shall we do?"

"Who told you, Henny Penny?"

"Chicken Little told me. Cluck, cluck, bad luck!"

"Who told you, Chicken Little?"

"Oh, I saw it with my eyes; I heard it with my ears, and part of it fell on my tail! Run, run, Foxy-Loxy! Peep, peep! Let's weep!"

"Yes, we will *run, run, run*, and tell the King," said Foxy-Loxy; "and as I know the shortest way to the palace, you must all follow me through the forest."

Then Foxy-Loxy led Turkey-Lurkey and Goosey-Poosey and Ducky-Lucky and Cocky-Locky and Henny Penny and Chicken Little all into his den, and Foxy-Loxy was the only one ever to come out again.

(English.)

## SCRAPEFOOT

Once upon a time there were three bears who lived in a castle in a dark wood. One of them was a great big Father-Bear who had a deep, gruff voice. One was a medium-size Mother-Bear who spoke in a medium-size voice, and one was a little, wee, Baby-Bear who always spoke in a shrill, squeaky little voice.

Now, not far away from the Castle of the Bears in the dark wood there lived a Fox, all alone in his den. This Fox was named Scrapefoot, and he was a very meddlesome old fox. He was always curious to know what the bears were doing, but he was afraid to go near them, so, whenever he saw the bears walking through the forest, he would run and hide in his den.

One day when Scrapefoot was prowling about through the woods, he found himself near the Castle of the Bears, and he wondered if he could get into the castle. He peered all about him, but he could see no one. He cocked up his ears and listened and listened, but he could hear no one. So he crept up nearer and nearer to the castle until he came to the great door, and he tried to open it. It was not locked, and he pushed it open a crack, and then put his long nose in

## SCRAPEFOOT



and peered all about. He could not see any one; so then he opened the door a little farther and put one paw in. Then another paw, and then his hind paws, and, finally, he drew in his long tail. There he was at last — inside of the Castle of the Three Bears!

He found that he was in a great hall with three

## TALES OF MANY FOLK

chairs in it — one big chair, one medium-size chair, and one little wee chair. He thought that he would like to sit down and rest, so he sat down on the big chair.

“This is much too hard!” he grumbled. Then he tried the medium-size chair, and he did not like that. “This is much too soft,” he said. So then he sat down in the little chair, and he was so comfortable that he said: “Now, I am very happy, for this chair is just right.” But as he spoke, the chair broke under him, and he fell sprawling upon the floor.

Then he got up and began to prowl about to see what he could find. On a table he saw three saucers filled with milk. One was a big saucer, one was of medium size, and one was a small saucer.

Scrapefoot was very hungry and thirsty; so he began to drink out of the big saucer, but he made up a terrible face and said: “Ugh, this milk is sour!” Then he took a taste of the milk from the medium-size saucer. “Ugh, this milk does not taste good either,” he grunted. And then he tasted the milk in the small saucer. “Oh, this milk is sweet and nice. Yum, yum!” And he went on drinking until he licked up the last drop.

## SCRAPEFOOT

"I think I'll go up-stairs and see how it looks up there," said this meddlesome old fox. He peered all about, but he could see no one. He cocked up his ears and listened and listened, but he could hear no one. So up-stairs he went, and there he found a great room with three beds in it. There was one big bed for the big, huge Father-Bear; a medium-size bed for the Mother-Bear, and a little, wee bed for the Baby-Bear.

He climbed into the big bed and he turned and he turned about, but he was so uncomfortable that he grumbled: "This bed is too lumpy and humpy and hard; I cannot sleep here."

Next he scrambled into the medium-size bed, and he turned and turned about and he was so uncomfortable that he grumbled: "This bed is too soft; I cannot sleep here."

Then he went to the little bed, and that was so nice that he settled down under the covers and pulled in his long tail and he yawned and said: "Oh, hum, this little bed just suits me. I think that I will take a little nap." And soon he was fast asleep.

After a time the bears came home from their long walk in the forest. They knew at once that some one had been prowling about in their castle.

## TALES OF MANY FOLK

*"Who Has Been Sitting In My Chair?"* growled the Father-Bear in his big, gruff voice.

*"Who Has Been Sitting in My Chair?"* said the Mother-Bear in her medium-size voice.

*"Who has been sitting in my chair and broken it all to pieces?"* shrieked the Baby-Bear in his shrill, high voice.

When they went to the table to drink their milk, they knew that some one had been meddling with their saucers.

*"Who Has Been Drinking My Milk?"* growled the Father-Bear, in his big, gruff voice.

*"Who Has Been Drinking My Milk?"* scolded the Mother-Bear, in her medium-size voice.

*"Who has been drinking my milk and has drunk it all up?"* shrieked the Baby-Bear in his shrill, high voice.

Then they went up-stairs and into their bedroom.

*"Who Has Been Sleeping In My Bed?"* growled the Father-Bear in his big, gruff voice.

*"Who Has Been Sleeping in My Bed?"* scolded the Mother-Bear in her medium-size voice.

*"Who has been sleeping in my bed — and here he*

## SCRAPEFOOT



is right now!" shrieked the Baby-Bear in his high, shrill voice.

Then the bears all came and looked at Scrapefoot and wondered what to do with him.

"*Let Us Hang Him!*" growled the Father-Bear in his big, gruff voice.



## TALES OF MANY FOLK

“Let Us Drown Him!” scolded the Mother-Bear in her medium-size voice.

“Let us throw him out of the window!” shrieked the Baby-Bear in his shrill, high voice.

So the Bears pounced upon Scrapefoot and dragged him to the window. The Father-Bear held two legs on one side, the Mother-Bear held two legs on the other side, and the Baby-Bear held his long tail. They swung him backward and forward, backward and forward, and tossed him out of the window.

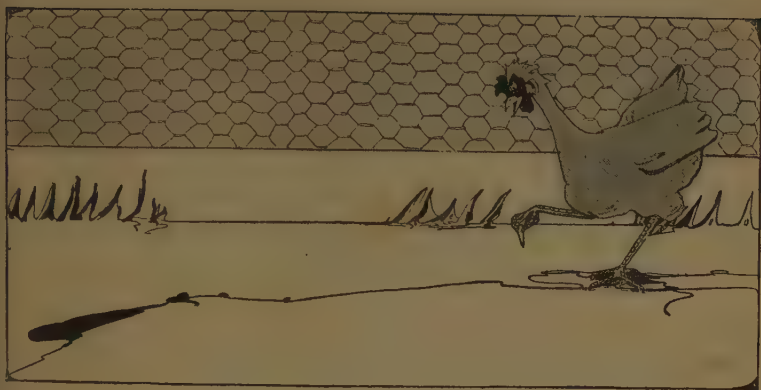
Poor Scrapefoot was so frightened, for he thought that every bone in his body would be broken; but he fell into some soft mud and so was not hurt.

By and by he got up and shook one leg. No, that leg was not broken. He shook another leg. No, that was not broken, either. Then he shook his hind legs in the same way. “Why, my legs are all right,” he said. Then he waved his tail about. “Why, my beautiful long tail is not hurt,” he barked joyously. “I think I had best be off for home.”

So Scrapefoot galloped away to his den as fast as he could run and he never again went to the Castle of the Three Bears.

(Old English folk-tale.)





## THE LITTLE RED HEN AND THE GRAIN OF WHEAT

Once upon a time there lived out in a poultry-yard a little red hen. She was always a very busy little red hen. She would go “Scratch! scratch! scratch!” to find her food.

One day, when she was walking about the farm, she found a grain of wheat.

“Cluck, cluck! Good luck! Good luck!” she called loudly. “Cluck, cluck! Who will plant this grain of wheat? Will you do it, Cat?”

“Miaow! Miaow!” answered the cat. “No, no, I won’t. Miaow! Miaow!”

“Cluck, cluck! Will you plant this wheat, Rat?”

## TALES OF MANY FOLK

"Ee-ee-ee!" squeaked the rat. "No, no! I won't. Ee-ee-ee!"

"Cluck, cluck! Will you do it, Pig?"

"Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!" grunted the pig. "No, no, no! I won't. Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!"

"Then I will," answered the little red hen, and she did.

Now, when the wheat had grown tall and was ripe, the little red hen said: "Cluck, cluck! Who will cut this wheat?"

"Miaow! I won't!" said the cat. "Miaow."

"Ee-ee-ee, I won't!" said the rat. "Ee-ee-ee!"

"Ugh! I won't," said the pig. "Ugh!"

"Then I will," said the little red hen, and she did.

When the wheat was all cut, the little red hen said: "Cluck, cluck! Who will take this wheat to the mill to be ground into flour?"

"Miaow! I won't!" said the cat. "Miaow!"

"Ee-ee-ee, I won't!" said the rat. "Ee-ee-ee!"

"Ugh! I won't," said the pig. "Ugh!"

"Then I will," said the little red hen, and she did.

Now, when the wheat had been ground into flour, the little red hen said: "Cluck, cluck! Who will make this flour into bread?"

## THE LITTLE RED HEN

"Miaow! I won't," said the cat. "Miaow."

"Eee-ee-ee! I won't," said the rat. "Ee-ee-ee!"

"Ugh! I won't!" said the pig. "Ugh!"

"Then I will," said the little red hen, and she did.

After the bread was baked, the little red hen said:

"Cluck, cluck! Who will eat this bread?"

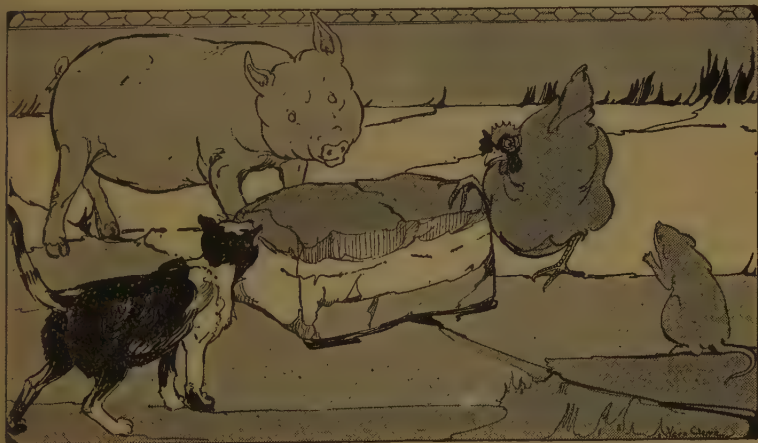
"Purr-purr! I will," purred the cat. "Purr-purr!"

"Ee-ee-ee! I will," squeaked the rat. "Ee-ee-ee!"

"Ugh! I will," grunted the pig. "Ugh!"

"Cluck, cluck! No, you won't," clucked the little red hen, "for I will do that myself"; and she did.

(English.)



## THE WEE, WEE MANNIE

Once upon a time, when all big folks were wee folks and all lies were true, there was a wee, wee mannie, who had a big, big coo, and he said:

“Hold still, my coo, my hinny,  
Hold still, my hinny, my coo;  
And ye shall have for your dinner  
What but a milk-white doo.”

But the big, big coo said: “Moo-oo! Moo-oo!” as much as to say: “No-oo! No-oo!” and she would not stand still.

“Hout!” said the wee, wee mannie.

“Hold still, my coo, my dearie,  
And fill my bucket with milk,  
And if ye’ll be no contrairy  
I’ll gie ye a gown o’ silk.”

But the big, big coo said: “Moo-oo! Moo-oo!” as much as to say: “No-oo! No-oo!” and she would not stand still.

## THE WEE, WEE MANNIE

"Hout!" said the wee, wee mannie. "Look at that now!"

"What's a wee, wee mannie to do  
Wi' such a big, contrairy coo?"

So away he went to the house to see his mother.

"Mither, Mither," said he, "the coo won't stand still, and wee, wee mannie can't milk the big, big coo."

"Hout!" said his mother. "Take stick and beat coo."

So, off he went to get a stick from a tree, and he said:

"Break, stick, break!  
And I'll gie ye a cake."

But the stick would not break. So, back he went to the house to see his mother.

"Mither, Mither!" said he, "coo won't stand still, stick won't break, and wee, wee mannie can't beat big, big coo."

"Hout!" said his mother; "go to the butcher and bid him kill the coo."

## TALES OF MANY FOLK

So he went to the butcher and said:

“Butcher, kill the big, big coo,  
She’ll gie us no more milk noo.”

But the butcher would not kill the cow without a silver penny, so the wee, wee mannie went back to the house to see his mother.

“Mither, Mither!” said he, “coo won’t stand still, stick won’t break, butcher won’t kill without a silver penny, and wee, wee mannie can’t milk big, big coo.”

“Well,” said his mother, “go to the coo and tell her there is a weary, weary lady, with long, long, yellow hair, weeping and weeping for a cup o’ milk.”

So away went the wee, wee mannie and told the big, big coo, but she wouldn’t hold still. So back he went to the house and told his mother.

“Hout!” said she, “tell the coo there’s a fine, fine laddie, from the wars, sitting by the weary, weary lady with the long, long, yellow hair, and she weeping and a-weeping for a cup o’ milk.”

So off he went and told the big, big coo, but she wouldn’t stand still. So back he went and told his mother.

## THE WEE, WEE MANNIE



“Hout!” said his mother, “run quick and tell the big, big coo there’s a sharp, sharp sword at the belt of the fine, fine laddie from the wars, who sits at the side of the weary, weary lady with the long, long yellow hair, and she weeping and a-weeping for a cup o’ milk.”

So away went the wee, wee mannie and told the

## TALES OF MANY FOLK

big, big coo, but she wouldn't hold still. So back he went and told his mother.

"Hout!" said his mother. "Run quick and tell the big, big coo that her head is going to be cut off by the sharp, sharp sword in the hands of the fine, fine laddie, if she doesn't give the cup o' milk to the weary, weary lady with the long, long yellow hair, who sits weeping and a-weeping."

So away went the wee, wee mannie and told the big, big coo.

And when the big, big coo saw the glint of the sharp, sharp sword in the hand of the fine, fine laddie who had come from the wars, and the weary, weary lady with the long, long yellow hair, weeping and a-weeping for a sup o' milk, the big, big coo reckoned she had better hold still.

So the wee, wee mannie milked the big, big coo, and the weary, weary lady with the long, long yellow hair hushed her weeping and got her sup o' milk, and the fine, fine laddie, who had come from the wars, put away his sharp, sharp sword, and all went well that did not go ill.

(Old Scottish folk-tale.)



## THE GRATEFUL BEASTS

Once upon a time there was a young man named Jack, who started to the fair one fine day with five shillings in his pocket. As he went along, he saw some boys who were beating a poor little mouse they had caught.

"Come, boys," said Jack, "do not be so cruel. Sell me your mouse for a sixpence, and run along and buy some sweets."

The boys were very glad to get the money; so they gave the mouse to Jack and he let the poor little creature go.

He had not gone very far when he met some more boys who were teasing the life out of a poor little weasel.

"Come, boys," said Jack, "do not be so cruel. Sell me your weasel for a shilling, and run along and buy some sweets."

So the boys sold the weasel to Jack, and he let him go.

After Jack had gone a little farther on his way, he met a crowd of young men who were beating a poor old donkey.

## TALES OF MANY FOLK

"Come, boys," said Jack, "do not be so cruel. Sell me your donkey for half a crown, and then you can spend your money at the Fair." And the bargain was soon made.

"Hee-haw, hee-haw," brayed the old donkey, who was named Neddy; "you may as well take me with you, master, for, when you are tired, I might be of some use to you."

"With all my heart," said Jack; "I shall be glad to have you for a companion."

Jack and the donkey went on and on along the dusty road. As the day was very warm, Jack sat down under a tree to rest for a time. He was so weary that he fell fast asleep; but soon he was awakened by a wicked-looking giant and his two servants.

"Do you know that your donkey is wandering across my fields, nibbling my grass?" stormed the giant. "How dare you let him trespass in this way, and do so much mischief?"

"I had no notion that he had done anything wrong," said Jack.

"No notion—no notion! I'll no notion you!" scolded the angry giant. "Bring out that chest!" he called to his servants. Tying poor Jack hand and foot with a

## THE GRATEFUL BEASTS



stout rope, they put him in the chest and threw the chest into the river. Then they all went away, leaving the poor donkey standing alone, looking very sad and braying loudly, "Hee-haw, hee-haw, hee-haw!" until, all of a sudden, who should come up but the weasel and the mouse.

They asked the donkey why he was crying so loudly, and he told them the whole story.

"Oh," said the weasel, "why, that must be the same boy who saved my life a time ago. Did he wear

## TALES OF MANY FOLK

a brown, ragged coat which was patched upon the arm?"

"Yes," answered the donkey, "he wore an old patched coat."

"That is the very same boy who saved me," said the mouse. "He paid the cruel boys, and then set me free. How I wish that we might help him!"

"Come, then," said the weasel, "let us try to get him out of the river."

"Yes, yes, by all means!" answered the others.

"Climb up on my back," said the donkey, "and I will wade out to him."

So the weasel climbed upon the back of the donkey, and the mouse crept into one of his big ears, and the donkey waded out into the water. They had not gone far when they saw the chest, which had stopped among the rushes at the end of a little island. In they went, and the weasel and the mouse squeezed into the chest and gnawed and gnawed the ropes until they had set  
• Jack free.

"You saved us. Now we are glad to help you," brayed the donkey.

"We will all go out into the world together," said the weasel.

## THE GRATEFUL BEASTS

"Yes, we will follow you, and you shall be our master," said the mouse.

Then they began to talk together about the wicked old giant and his men, when, what should the weasel spy but an egg, with the most lovely colors on its shell, lying near by in the shallow water. The weasel fished it up and Jack took it in his hand and turned and turned it about.

"Oh, my dear friends," said Jack, "I am so grateful to you for saving me. How I wish that I had a fine house and grounds of my own where I could take you to live with me, in peace and plenty, the rest of our lives."

Hardly had Jack spoken these words when he found that his wish had come true. There they were, standing upon a green lawn before a grand castle. There was no one inside or outside to send them away, so in they went and lived there as happy as kings.

One day, when Jack was standing at the gate of his castle, he saw three merchants passing by, with their goods packed upon their horses and mules.

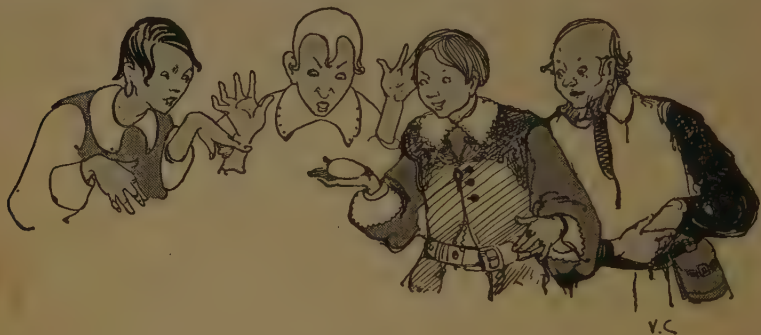
"Bless our eyes," said one, "what does this mean?"

"Surely there was no castle here when we passed this way before," said another.

## TALES OF MANY FOLK

"It must have sprung up in the night," said the third.

"That is true," answered Jack. "This castle and grounds did come very suddenly, but you are welcome here. Put your beasts out in the yard and give them



some food, and come yourselves into the castle with me and share my dinner."

The merchants were only too glad to do this; but, after dinner, Jack very foolishly showed them his painted egg, telling them that it had the power to grant any wish. He then held it in his hand and proved that it was so.

The merchants were all anxious to own the wonderful egg, so, one of them mixing a powder, put it in Jack's glass of wine, causing poor Jack to fall asleep.

## THE GRATEFUL BEASTS

When he awoke, he found himself lying upon the ground on the island, dressed in his old patched coat, while his three friends stood before him, all looking very downhearted.

"Poor Master," said the weasel; "you will never be wise enough to deal with the tricky people in this world. Where did these merchants say that they lived, and what are their names?"

Jack shook his head sadly and then, after a while, he remembered and told them all that he knew about the merchants.

"Come, Neddy," said the weasel, "let us go out after these thieves and see what we can do. It will not be safe for our master to go with us, so we three will go out alone. If we have luck, master, we may be able to bring back your egg." So away they all went together. The weasel climbed up on the donkey's back, the mouse crawled into the donkey's ear, and they journeyed on toward the house of one of the thieves.

When they reached there the mouse crawled into the house to look all about, while the donkey and the weasel hid themselves outside in the bushes.

Soon the mouse came creeping out to them.

"What news?" they asked eagerly.



## TALES OF MANY FOLK

"Bad news!" answered the mouse. "The old rascal has our egg in a low chest in his bedroom. The door is strongly locked and bolted, and a pair of horrible cats, with gleaming, fiery eyes, are chained to the chest, watching it.

"Hee-haw, hee-haw!" brayed the donkey, sadly; "we may as well give up. Let us go back, for we can do nothing."

"Wait," said the weasel; "we must think of a plan."

When night came on, the weasel said to the mouse: "You must climb through the keyhole into the bedroom and creep under the man's head and chew at his hair and tangle it about."

"What good will that do?" said the mouse.

"Wait, and you will know," answered the weasel.

So the mouse obeyed the commands of the weasel.

The next morning the merchant was quite angry at the way his hair was tangled. "My hair seems to have been a rat's nest," he said. "But never mind, my fine mouse, I will catch you at your tricks." So, the next night, he unchained the two cats from the chest, and made them sit by his bedside and watch.

While he was sleeping, the weasel and the mouse



## THE GRATEFUL BEASTS

were gnawing and gnawing at the door until they made a hole in the bottom of it. Then the mouse crawled in and gnawed a hole in the chest, and, while the cats slept peacefully by their master, the mouse got the egg and rolled it through the hole under the door to the weasel. The weasel took the egg in his mouth, and soon they were safely out on the road again.

The mouse climbed into the donkey's ear and the weasel sat on the donkey's back, holding in his mouth the precious egg.

When they came to the river, and were swimming across, the old donkey suddenly began to bray: "Hee-haw, hee-haw! I wonder if there is any one in all the world like me. I am carrying the mouse, the weasel, and the enchanted egg. Speak! Why do you not praise me?"

The weasel could not speak for fear of dropping the egg, and the poor mouse was sound asleep because he was so tired after two nights' creeping about and gnawing.

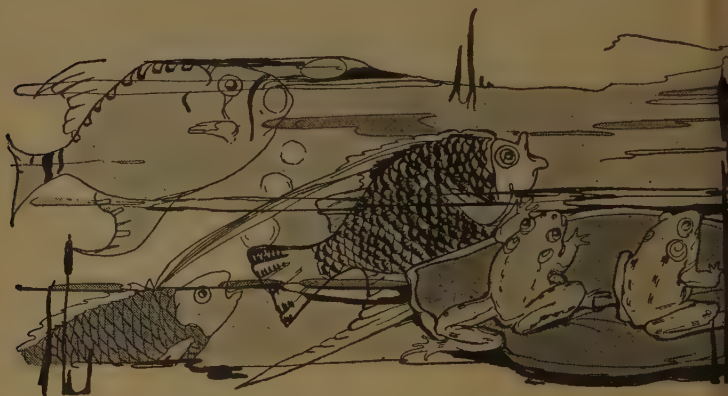
"Hee-haw, hee-haw!" brayed the boastful donkey, "after all I have done, you will not praise me! You are a thankless pair! I'll shake you into the river and drown you if you don't praise me!"

## TALES OF MANY FOLK

At this the poor weasel was so frightened that he forgot about the egg and shrieked out: "Oh, don't drown us! Please, don't drown us!"

At that, "splash!" down, down, went the egg, into the deepest pool in the river.

"Just see what you have done! You stupid big



ass!" scolded the weasel. "You frightened me by your silly braying and made me drop our precious egg."

The old ass did feel very foolish and dropped his head when the mouse woke up crying: "*Ee-ee-ee*. Ah, me, me; all of our hard work for nothing!"

"What shall we do? What shall we do?" moaned the donkey sadly. "It was very silly of me, but I did

## THE GRATEFUL BEASTS



not mean to do this. How can we ever get back our egg for our master?"

"Moaning and groaning will not help," said the wise weasel. "We must think of some good plan." Then, looking down into the deep water, he cried:

"Hear, hear, all of you frogs and fish; your enemy, the storks and cranes, are coming to take you out of the water and eat you up! Make haste. Hear, hear!"

"What can we do?" gasped the fish, as they came swimming up through the water, breathing bubbles in their excitement.

"Save us, save us!" croaked the frogs.

"Bring up all the stones from down below in the

## TALES OF MANY FOLK

water," said the weasel, "and give them to us, and we will build you a high wall on the bank to defend you."

Then the fish and the frogs worked as fast as they could, bringing up all the stones and pebbles they could find at the bottom of the pond. At last a big frog came swimming up with the egg in his mouth, and when the weasel had the precious egg once more, he climbed up into a tree and shouted out to the frogs and fish: "That will do — I can see from afar that your enemy are afraid of us. They have seen your strong wall of stones and are running away." So the fish and the frogs were very grateful to the beasts.

Then the mouse climbed into the donkey's ear, and the weasel sat on the donkey's back, holding the precious egg in his mouth. This time the donkey did not bray; so that they reached Jack safely. And you may know that their master was very happy when his faithful friends came back, bringing with them the enchanted egg.

It did not take Jack very long to wish for his castle again, and soon after that Jack married a lovely lady and they two and their three grateful beasts were as happy as the days were long.

(Old Irish tale, retold from Patrick Kennedy.)



## THE THREE BILLY GOATS GRUFF

Once upon a time there were three billy goats, and the name of all three was "Gruff."

Now, they wanted to go up the hillside, where the grass was very green, so that they could eat it and grow fat. But, to go up the hillside, they had to cross over a bridge, and under this bridge there lived a great, ugly old Troll, with eyes as big as saucers and a nose as long as a poker.

First of all came the tiniest Billy Goat Gruff to cross over the bridge.

"Trip trap! trip trap! trip trap!" went the bridge.

## TALES OF MANY FOLK

"Who's that tripping across my bridge?" roared the old Troll.

"Oh, it's only I, the little Billy Goat Gruff. I'm going up the hillside to make myself fat," said the little Billy Goat in a little, wee voice.

"Now, I'll come and I'll gobble you up," roared the Troll.

"Oh, please don't gobble me up. I'm not so very big. Wait until the second Billy Goat Gruff comes along; he is very much bigger than I am."

"Very well, be off with you!" roared the Troll.

"Trip trap! trip trap! trip trap!" went the bridge. And the first little Billy Goat Gruff went on his way up the hillside to get fat.

A little while after, the second Billy Goat Gruff started to cross the bridge.

"Trip Trap! Trip Trap! Trip Trap!" went the bridge.

"Who's that tripping across my bridge?" roared the Troll.

"It's I, the second Billy Goat Gruff. I'm going up the hillside to make myself fat," said the Billy Goat in a medium-sized voice.

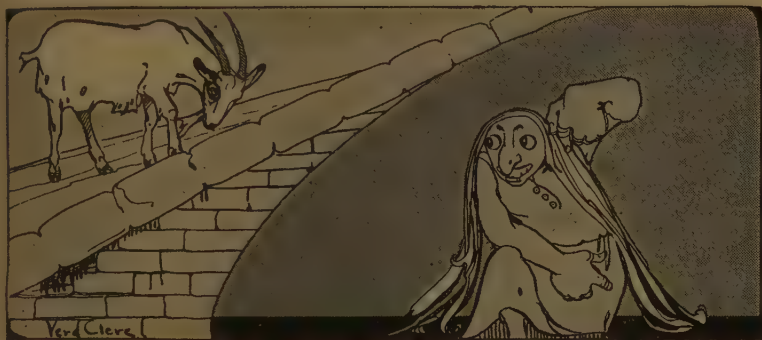
"I'll come and gobble you up!" roared the Troll.

## THE THREE BILLY GOATS GRUFF

"Oh, don't gobble me up! I'm not so very big. Wait until the big Billy Goat Gruff comes by. He's much bigger than I am."

"Very well; be off with you!" roared the Troll.

"Trip Trap! Trip Trap! Trip Trap!" went the



bridge. And the second Billy Goat Gruff went on his way up the hillside to get fat.

Not long after that along came the big Billy Goat Gruff to cross over the bridge.

"*Trip Trop! Trip Trop! Trip Trop!*" went the bridge.

"Who's that tramping across my bridge?" roared the Troll.

"*It's I, the big Billy Goat Gruff!*" roared the Billy Goat, who had an ugly, gruff voice of his own.



## TALES OF MANY FOLK

"Now, I'll come and gobble you up!" roared the Troll.

"Well, come along! I've got two spears,  
And I'll poke your eyeballs out at your ears;  
I've got besides two curling-stones,  
And I'll crush you to bits, body and bones."

That was the way the big Billy Goat Gruff answered the old Troll. The old Troll was very angry, indeed, and he came up from under the bridge, and the Billy Goat did just what he said he would do, and with his sharp horns he pushed that old Troll off the bridge.

Then the bridge went "*Trip Trop! Trip Trop! Trip Trop!*" as the third Billy Goat Gruff went up the hillside to get fat.

Up on the hillside the grass was very green and tender, and the Billy Goats ate and ate so much grass and grew so fat that they scarcely were able to walk home again. And if the fat has not fallen off them, why, they are still fat, for —

"Snip, snap, snout,  
This tale's told out."

(Retold from the "Popular Tales from the Norse," by Sir George Dasent.)



## THE PANCAKE

Once upon a time there lived in a little old house a good woman and her good man and their seven children.

One day, when the children were very hungry and were all begging for food, their mother said: "Wait a bit, my children, and I will make you a pancake." So she made them a nice, sweet, milk pancake, and as it lay in the pan bubbling and frizzling, it was so thick and good that the children could scarcely wait to eat it.

"Oh, give me a bite of pancake, Mother, dear; I am so hungry," said one child.

"Oh, dear, good Mother, please give me a bite of pancake," said the second child.

"Oh, dear, good, kind Mother, please give me a bite of pancake," said the third.

"Oh, dear, good, kind, nice Mother, please give me a bite of pancake," said the fourth.

"Oh, dear, good, kind, nice, sweet Mother, please give me a bite of pancake," said the fifth.

"Oh, dear, good, kind, nice, sweet, clever Mother, please give me a bite of pancake," said the sixth.

"Oh, dear, good, kind, sweet, clever, pretty Mother,

please give me a bite of pancake," said the seventh child.

And so each one begged more prettily than the last, until the Mother said: "Wait a minute, my dear children; be patient and wait until the pancake turns itself."

Now, she should have said: "Wait until I turn it," but when the pancake heard her say, "Wait until it turns itself," it turned right over on the frying-pan, and began to get very firm in its flesh. Then the pancake said to itself: "Why should I wait here to be eaten by a good woman and a good man and seven squalling children?" And so it tried to jump right out of the pan, but it fell back, the other side up; and when it had been cooked a little on the other side until it was firmer in its flesh, it sprang right out on the floor and rolled off, like a wheel, through the door and across the yard.

"Hello! Stop, Pancake!" called the good woman, and, seizing her ladle and frying-pan, she rushed out after the pancake. The good man jumped up from his place by the fire, took his walking-stick, and hobbled on after the pancake, calling: "Wait a bit, Pancake, wait a bit!" And the seven hungry children came run-

## THE PANCAKE



ning after them, all shouting and squalling: "Oh, Pancake, Pancake, stop! We are all so hungry! Please, Pancake, wait a bit and give us a bite!"

"Oh, no," said the pancake, and it rolled on and on down the dusty road.

So, when it had rolled a while, it met a man.

## TALES OF MANY FOLK

"Good-day to you, Pancake," said the man.

"Good-day to you, too, Manny Panny," said the pancake.

"Oh, dear Pancake," said the man, "don't roll so fast. Stop a bit and give me a bite; I am so hungry."

"Oh, no," said the pancake; "I have slipped through the fingers of the good woman, the good man, and seven squalling children, and I can slip through your fingers, too, Manny Panny." And it rolled on and on.

Presently the pancake met a hen.

"Cluck, cluck, cluck!" said the hen. "Oh, good-day to you, Pancake."

"Good-day to you, too, Henny Penny," answered the pancake.

"Pancake, dear, don't roll so fast. Please stop a bit and give me a bite. I am so hungry."

"Oh, no," said the pancake; "I have slipped through the fingers of the good woman, the good man, and their seven squalling children, and Manny Panny, and I can slip through your claws, too, Henny Penny." And so it rolled on and on like a wheel down the road.

By and by it met a cock.

"Cock-a-doodle-do! Cock-a-doodle-doo-do!" crowed the cock. "Good-day to you, Pancake."

## THE PANCAKE

"Oh, good-day to you, too, Cocky Locky," said the pancake.

"Pancake, dear, don't roll so fast; please stop and let me eat you up; I am so hungry."

"Oh, no," answered the pancake. "I have slipped through the fingers of the good woman and the good man, their seven squalling children, Manny Panny and Henny Penny, and I can slip through your claws, too, Cocky Locky," and it rolled on and on down the road.

Presently the pancake met Ducky Lucky.

"Quack, quack, quack! Good-day to you, Pancake," quacked the duck, stretching out his neck eagerly.

"Good-day to you, too, Ducky Lucky," said the pancake.

"Oh, Pancake, won't you stop and give me a bite? I am so very hungry," begged the duck.

"Oh, no," answered the pancake. "I have slipped through the fingers of the good woman and the good man, their seven squalling children, Manny Panny, Henny Penny, and Cocky Locky, and I can slip through your feet, Ducky Lucky," said the pancake, and it rolled on down the road.

## TALES OF MANY FOLK

When it had rolled a long, long time, it met a goose.

"Hiss-s-s-s, hiss-ss-s! Good-day to you, Pancake," said the goose.

"Good-day to you, too, Goosy Poosy." said the pancake.

"Oh, Pancake, won't you stop and give me a bite, I am so very hungry," called Goosy Poosy.

"Oh, no," answered the pancake; "I have slipped through the fingers of the good woman and the good man, their seven squalling children, Manny Panny, Henny Penny, Cocky Locky, and Ducky Lucky, and I can slip through your feet, too, Goosy Poosy," said the pancake, and away it rolled like a wheel down the road.

So, when it had rolled a long, long way farther, it met a gander.

"Good-day, Pancake," cackled the gander.

"Good-day to you, too, Gander Pander," said the pancake.

"Pancake, dear, please don't roll so fast, but stop a bit and let me eat you up."

"Oh, no," answered the pancake; "I have slipped through the fingers of the good woman and the good man, their seven squalling children, Manny Panny,

## THE PANCAKE

Henny Penny, Cocky Locky, Ducky Lucky, and Goosy Poosy, and I can slip through your feet, too, Gander Pander." And away rolled the pancake.

Presently the pancake met a pig.

"Ugh, ugh, ugh!" grunted the greedy pig. "Good-day to you, Pancake."

"Oh, good-day to you, too, Piggy Wiggy," said the pancake.

"Ugh, ugh, ugh!" said Piggy Wiggy. "Pancake, dear Pancake, please stop and let me eat you up. I am so very hungry."

"Oh, no," answered the pancake. "I have slipped through the fingers of the good woman and the good man, their seven squalling children, Manny Panny, Henny Penny, Cocky Locky, Ducky Lucky, Goosy Poosy, and Gander Pander, and I can slip through your feet, too, Piggy Wiggy." And away rolled the pancake, faster and faster down the road.

"Well," squealed Piggy Wiggy, "you needn't be in such a hurry, Pancake; we are coming to the forest, and it's dark in there. Don't you think we had best go together, as two are better company than one?"

"Why, yes," said the pancake. "We will go through the woods together, Piggy Wiggy." And so they kept



## TALES OF MANY FOLK

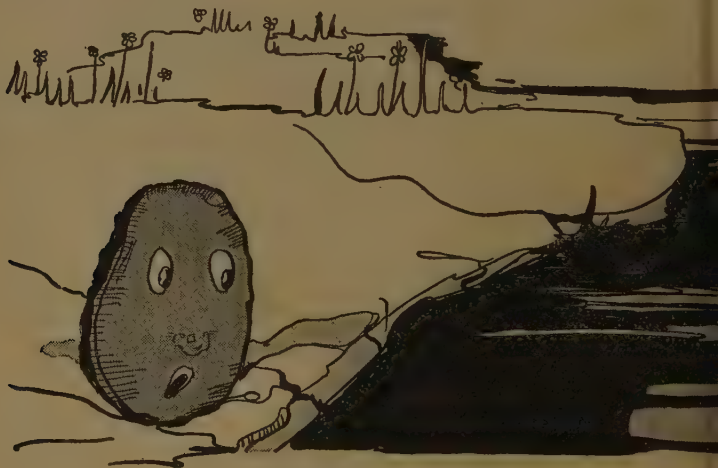
company, the pancake rolling along and Piggy Wiggy trotting by its side.

By and by they came to a little bubbling brook, and Piggy Wiggy waded right through it. It was nothing to him, but the pancake did not know what to do, and he cried out in fright:

“Oh, Piggy Wiggy, won’t you please take me across; I cannot reach the other side unless you help me over.”

“Why, yes, Pancake, I will carry you gladly,” answered Piggy Wiggy.

So Piggy Wiggy waded back to the place where the pancake was waiting.





## THE PANCAKE

"Come, Pancake," he said, "roll right up on my snout."

Then Piggy Wiggy put his head down to the ground and the pancake rolled up and seated himself on Piggy Wiggy's snout.

"Ouf, ouf, ouf!" said Piggy Wiggy, as he greedily gobbled the pancake at one gulp.

Now, as the poor pancake could go no farther, so this tale can go no farther, either.

(Retold from "The Tales from the Fjelds," by Sir George Dasent.)



## JOHNNY AND THE GOATS

Once upon a time there was a little boy named Johnny. Now, Johnny had a flock of goats that he took out to the pasture every day. He drove them out in the early morning, and, when the sun was going down, he brought them in for the night.

One bright morning Johnny was driving his flock out to the pasture, and he was so happy that he was whistling as he went trudging along after his goats. But he did not watch them carefully, and, suddenly, he saw the leader of the goats crawl through a hole in a farmer's fence. Then all of the goats followed after the leader, and soon they were all rooting about in the farmer's turnip field.

"Hi, there! Hi, hi!" shouted Johnny. "Come out of that field, you rascals. Hi, hi!"

"Ba-aa-aa! Ba-aa-aa!" bleated the goats, as much as to say "Ba-aa-ad! Ba-aa-d!" But they just kicked up their heels and, running to the farthest corner of the field, began to nibble the turnips.

Picking up a stick by the roadside, Johnny crawled through the hole in the fence, and tried to drive the

## JOHNNY AND THE GOATS

goats out. Around and around the field ran Johnny. And around and around the field scampered the goats. Johnny was so tired that he could not run any more, so he gave up the chase and, crawling through the hole in the fence, he sat down by the roadside and began to cry.

Just then, who should come down the road but the fox.

“Good morning, Johnny,” said he. “You seem to be in trouble. Why are you crying?”

“I am crying because I can’t get my goats out of the turnip field,” sobbed Johnny.

“Oh, don’t cry about that!” said the fox. “I’ll soon drive them out for you. Just watch me!” And he began to chase the goats.

“Ba-aa-aa! Ba-aa-aa!” they bleated, as much as to say “Ba-aa-d! Baa-aa-d!” And they shook their heads and kicked up their heels, and ran away from the fox. Around and around the turnip field scampered the goats, and around and around the field ran the fox after them, but he could not catch them.

At last the fox was so tired that he could not run any more. So he crawled out through the hole in the fence and, sitting down by Johnny, he began to howl and cry.

## TALES OF MANY FOLK

A rabbit came hopping along down the road. "Clip-pity-clippity-clippity." When he saw Johnny and the fox sitting by the roadside crying, he stopped still in surprise and said:

"Good morning, Fox, why are you crying?"

"I'm crying because Johnny is crying," answered the fox.

"Why are you crying, Johnny?" asked the rabbit.

"I'm crying because I can't get the goats out of the turnip field," sobbed Johnny.

"Oh, tut, tut, don't cry about that," said the rabbit. "I will soon drive them out for you. Just watch me!"

Over the fence hopped the rabbit with one big jump and around and around the field he chased the goats; but he could not catch them.

"Baa-aa-aa! Baa-aa-aa!" bleated the goats, as much as to say "Baa-aa-d! Baa-aa-d!" And, shaking their heads and frisking up their heels, they ran away from the rabbit.

Around and around the turnip field scampered the goats, and around and around the field hopped the rabbit after them. At last the rabbit was so tired that he could not hop another hop. So, crawling out through

## JOHNNY AND THE GOATS



the hole in the fence, he sat down by Johnny and the fox, and began to cry and cry.

## TALES OF MANY FOLK

While they were all crying and crying, along came a bumblebee.

"Buzz-zz, buzz-zz, buzz-zz," sang the bee, as she buzzed from blossom to blossom, gathering honey for her breakfast. When she heard them all crying she stopped in surprise. "What can be all this fuss-ss, fuss-ss, buzz-zz?"

"Why, good morning, Rabbit," she said. "What are you crying about, this lovely bright day?"

"I'm crying because the fox is crying," answered the rabbit.

"Why are you crying, Fox?"

"I'm crying because Johnny is crying," answered the fox.

"Why are you crying, Johnny?"

"I'm crying because I can't get my goats out of the turnip field," sobbed Johnny.

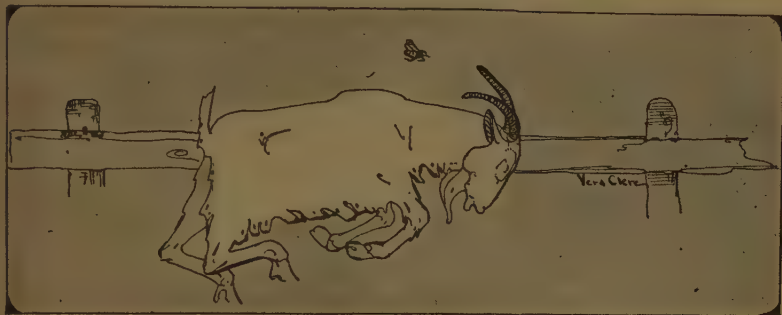
"Oh, don't cry about that," said the bee. "I'll soon get them out for you."

Johnny was so surprised that he stopped crying and began to laugh: "Ha-ha-ha! That is a good joke! I chased them with a big stick, and they would not get out for me. A tiny thing like you get them out when I could not do it!"

## JOHNNY AND THE GOATS

"And when I could not do it!" mocked the fox.  
"He-he-he! I ran and I ran as fast as one can — but they would not get out for me."

"And when I could not do it!" mocked the rabbit.



"He-he-he! I hopped and I hopped — but they never stopped; they would not get out for me."

"Buzz-zz, buzz-zz, buzz-zz," buzzed the bee as she flew over the fence, and "Buzz-zz, buzz-zz, buzz-zz," she sang, as she flew right into the ear of the leader of the goats.

He shook his head wildly, and then she buzzed into the other ear. In a panic of fear, the leader kicked up his heels and ran toward the hole in the fence.

"Buzz-zz, buzz-zz, buzz-zz," buzzed the bee, as she flew from one goat to another, singing her song in a loud voice. "Buzz-zz, buzz-zz, buzz-zz."

## TALES OF MANY FOLK

One by one the goats crawled out after their leader. They were all so frightened that they were bleating loudly — “Baa-aa-aa! Baa-aa-aa! Baa-aa-aa,” as much as to say “Baa-aa-d! Baa-aa-d! Baa-aa-d!”

Johnny and the fox and the rabbit stared and stared at the goats in surprise, and then they looked at each other.

“Why, that tiny bee did get them out!” gasped Johnny. “Thank you, thank you, little bee!”

But the bee just went buzzing over to a bright blossom for some more honey to eat.

The fox and the rabbit went back to the forest, while Johnny ran down the road after his goats, and drove them all safely out to their pasture.

(Norwegian.)





## THE STRAW OX

There was once upon a time an old man and an old woman. The old man worked in the fields, burning pitch, while the old woman took care of the house and spun flax. They were so poor that they could save nothing at all, and were lucky indeed when they had enough to eat.

One day the old woman said: "Daddy, do make me a straw ox and smear it all over with tar."

"Why, you foolish woman," said her husband, "what's the good of a straw ox?"

"Never mind," she answered. "Please make it for me, for I know what I want to do with it."

What was the poor man to do? Well, he set to work and soon he had made an ox of straw and smeared it all over with tar.

The next morning, at early dawn, the old woman took her distaff and drove the straw ox out into the field to grass. She sat down on the ground and began spinning her flax, calling out: "Graze away, little ox, while I spin my flax; graze away, little ox, while I spin my flax." She spun and spun her flax until, by and by, her head drooped and she began to doze.

## TALES OF MANY FOLK

While she was dozing, out from behind the dark, huge pine-trees rushed a big bear. He ran growling up to the ox and said: "Who are you? Speak, and tell me!" And the ox answered: "I am an ox, I am; I am stuffed with straw and trimmed with tar."



"Ugh! ugh! ugh!" growled the bear. "So you are stuffed with straw and trimmed with tar, are you? Well, give me some of your straw and tar, that I may patch up my ragged fur again."

"Take some, take some!" answered the ox; and then the bear fell upon him and tried to tear away the tar. He buried his teeth in it and he clawed and clawed and tugged and tugged, but it stuck fast, and he found he could not let go of it; so the ox dragged the bear home.

## THE STRAW OX

When the old woman awoke and could not see her ox she was very much worried. "Oh, how foolish I am, to be sure," she said; "perhaps my ox has gone home." Then she got up, picked up her distaff, and ran home as fast as she could, and there, by the fence, stood the ox with the bear hanging on its side.

"Daddy! Daddy!" she cried. "Look, look! The ox has brought us a bear! Come quickly!"

Then the old man came in haste, tore off the bear, tied him up and threw him into the cellar.

The next morning early, between the dark and the dawn, the old woman took her distaff and drove the ox out in the field to graze. She sat down upon a mound and began to spin, and said: "Graze away, little ox, while I spin my flax; graze away, little ox, while I spin my flax." And she spun and spun until, by and by, her head drooped and she began to doze.

Suddenly, from behind the dark, huge pine-trees, a gray wolf came rushing out upon the ox, and said: "Who are you? Come, tell me!"

"I am an ox, I am; I am stuffed with straw and trimmed with tar."

"Burr-r! Burr-rr-r!" howled the wolf. "So you are stuffed with straw and trimmed with tar, are you?"

## TALES OF MANY FOLK

Then, give me some of your tar, that I may put it on my sides so the dogs cannot tear me."

"Take some, take some!" answered the ox, and, with a howl, the wolf sprang upon the ox and tried to tear away some tar. He buried his teeth in it and tugged and tugged, but he stuck fast, and so the ox dragged the wolf home.

When the old woman awoke and could not see her ox she sprang to her feet and picked up her distaff. "My ox must have gone home," she cried. "I will go and see"; and, when she got home, there by the fence stood the ox, with the wolf still tugging on his side.

"Daddy! Daddy!" she called. "Come quickly and see! The ox has brought home a wolf to-day!"

Then the old man came and threw the wolf into the cellar.

The next morning, early, when the old woman drove the ox out to graze, she sat down on a mound and spun and spun, until, by and by, she went sound asleep.

Then a fox came running out from behind the dark, huge pine-trees, and rushed up to the ox and said: "Who are you? Speak and tell me!"

"I am an ox, I am; I am stuffed with straw and trimmed with tar."

## THE STRAW OX

“Uhr-r-r! Uhr-r-r! Uhr-r-r-r!” barked the fox joyfully. “Then, if you are trimmed with tar, give me some tar to smear on my sides so the dogs will not tear my hide.”

“Take some, take some,” answered the ox.

Then the fox fastened his teeth into the ox, and he tugged and tugged, but stuck fast. So the ox dragged the fox home.

When the old woman awoke, she sprang to her feet, picked up her distaff, and said: “I will hurry home and see what the ox has brought this time.” So she ran home as fast as she could go, and there by the fence stood the straw ox, with the fox hanging on to his back.

“Daddy! Daddy!” she cried. “Come quickly! The ox has brought home a fox this time.”

And the old man came and threw the fox into the cellar, also.

And the next day they caught the hare (called “Pussy Swift-Foot”) in the same way.

Now, when the old man had all these animals safe in the cellar, he sat down on a bench and began to sharpen his big knife.

“Tell me, Daddy,” growled the bear, “why do you sharpen your big knife?”

## TALES OF MANY FOLK



"To flay off your skin, so that I may have a warm jacket for winter, and my old woman wants a warm coat, too."

"Oh, Daddy, dear, please don't flay me. Only save me my skin and let me go and I will bring you some honey."

"Very well, be off with you, and see that you do it!" answered the old man; and he unbound the bear and let him go.

Then he sat down on the bench and began to sharpen his knife again, and the wolf growled: "Daddy, why do you sharpen your big knife?"

"To flay off your skin, so that I may make me a warm cap for the winter," answered the old man.

## THE STRAW OX

"Oh, Daddy, dear, please don't flay me. Only save me my skin and let me go, and I will bring you a whole flock of sheep."

"Very well, be off with you, and just see that you do it!" answered the old man, as he unbound the wolf and set him free.

Then the old man sat down on a bench and again began to sharpen his knife, and this time the fox put up his little snout, and asked anxiously:

"Dear Daddy, do tell me why you sharpen your big knife."

"Little foxes have such nice, soft skins," laughed the old man. "They do well for collars and trimmings, and so I shall skin you."

"Oh, dear Daddy, don't take my skin away," begged the little fox. "Be so kind as to set me free, and I will bring you many hens and geese."

"Very well, be off with you, and see that you do it," warned the old man, as he unbound the fox and set him free.

Now the little hare was left all alone, and when the old man began to sharpen his knife again, the poor little hare said:

"Daddy, why do you sharpen your big knife?"



## TALES OF MANY FOLK

"Little hares have such soft, warm skins which will make nice gloves and mittens for my little old woman and me to keep our hands warm in the cold, wintry weather."

"Oh, Daddy, dear, don't skin me, and I will bring you good cauliflower and kale and turnips, if you will only let me go."

"Very well, be off with you and see that you do it," warned the old man as he unbound the hare and let him go.

The next morning, early, when it was neither dusk nor dawn, there was a noise at the door.

"Gurr-r-r-r! Gurr-r-r-r! Gurr-r-r-r!"

"Daddy!" cried the old woman, "some one is growling at our door. Let us go and see who it is."





## THE STRAW OX

They went out, and there was the bear carrying a whole hive of honey.

"I have kept my word," growled the bear.

"I see you have, and I thank you," said the old man, taking the honey from the bear, and, when the bear was gone, they went back to bed again.

A little later they heard another noise at the door.

"Durr-r-r! Durr-r-r! Durr-r-r!" And this time the wolf came to the door, and there, in the door-yard, stood a whole flock of sheep.

"I have kept my word," growled the wolf.

"I see you have, and I thank you," said the old man.

Soon after the fox came, driving a flock of geese and hens, and all kinds of fowls; and, last of all, came the hare, bringing cabbage, kale, turnips, and all kinds of good food.

Then the old man and the old woman were very glad and thankful, for now they had all they needed.

As for the straw ox, it stood out in the sun until at last it fell all to pieces; so that was the end of the straw ox.

(Retold from the "Cossack Fairy Tales," translated by R. Nisbet Bain.)

## THE TOWN MUSICIANS OF BREMEN

Once upon a time there was a donkey who served his master faithfully, and for many years carried sacks to the mill. But, as this donkey was old and no longer fit for service, his master said: "I will kill that old beast and sell the skin."

The donkey saw that there was mischief in the air, so he ran away from his home and started on the road to Bremen.

"Hee-haw! Hee-haw!" brayed the old donkey. "I will go to Bremen and become a town musician, for, with my voice, I can surely earn a living by singing in the band. Hee-haw! Hee-haw!"

When he had gone a little way on the road, he met an old dog who was lying under a tree, gasping, as if he were worn out from hard running.

"Well, why do you pant so, Packan?" asked the donkey.

"Uhr! Uhr-r-r! Urh-r-r-r!" howled the dog. "Alas, my friend, because I am old and feeble and can no longer keep up with the pack, and help in the hunt, my master planned to kill me, but I got wind of the report, so I have run away and now I do not

## THE TOWN MUSICIANS OF BREMEN

know what to do, for how can I earn my bread? Uhr-r-r-r! Uhr-r-r-r! Uhr-r-r-r!"

"I'll tell you what to do," answered the donkey. "I am going to Bremen to be a town musician. Come with me and you can earn your living by music, also. I will play the lute and you can beat the kettle-drum, and I am sure, with our sweet voices, we can sing with the band."

The dog was very glad to go; so the two friends went on together.

After a time they met a cat sitting in the middle of the road, with a face as long and sad as a wet week.



"Well, what has been worrying you, old Whiskers?" asked the donkey.

"Miaow! Miaow! Miaow!" yowled the cat. "How could any one be cheerful when he is out at the elbows? I am sad because I am old and my teeth are

## TALES OF MANY FOLK

worn out, and I would rather sit by the fire and purr than to prowling about and hunt mice, and because of this my mistress wanted to drown me. So I ran away, but now I do not know where to go or what to do, for how can I earn my bread? Miaow! Miaow! Miaow-w-w!"

"Come with us to Bremen," said the donkey. "You have a fine voice, Whiskers, and are a great hand at serenading; so you can become a town musician and sing in the band."

The cat thought this was a fine plan, so the three runaways went on down the road together. As they passed by a farmyard they saw, sitting on a fence, a cock crowing with all his might.



"Good-morning, Red-Comb," said the donkey; "your crow pierces through my ears, it is so loud and shrill. What is the matter with you?"

"Cock-a-doodle-do! Cock-a-doodle-do! Cock-a-doodle-do!" shrieked the cock. "Matter enough for

## THE TOWN MUSICIANS OF BREMEN

me. All my life I have helped these people and called them to rise in the morning and told them the weather was fine, but now they are ungrateful, and because they expect company for dinner I heard my mistress tell the cook to cut off my head and make me into soup; so I am crowing now at the top of my lungs while I still have the chance. Cock-a-doodle-do! Cock-a-doodle-do! Cock-a-doodle-do-o-o-o ——!”

“Come along, Red-Comb, come with us to Bremen and sing with us in our band. You have a strong voice, and when we make music there will be quality in it.”

The cock was delighted with the plan, so the four friends went up the road together. They could not reach Bremen in one day, so they were obliged to spend the night in the woods. The donkey and dog lay down under a large tree, while the cat and the cock settled themselves in the branches, the cock flying far up into the top of the tree, as he thought that was the safest place.

Before going to sleep, the cock looked around once in every direction, and suddenly he saw far away in the distance a dim light burning.

“Wake up! Wake up!” he called to his friends. “I see a light, and there must be a house near by.”

## TALES OF MANY FOLK

"Very well," said the donkey. "We are hungry and tired and our bed and board are none too good here, so let us go to that house."

The dog growled at the thought of a bone to eat. "Yes, let us go to the house at once," he barked.

The cat purred softly: "Yes, yes, yes-s-s!"

So the four friends started out in the direction of the light, and as they came nearer and nearer they saw it shining brighter and brighter, until at last they reached a robber's home. As the donkey was the tallest, he stood on his hind-legs and looked in the window.

"What do you see, old Gray-coat?" asked the cock.

"What do I see?" asked the donkey. "I see a table covered with good things to eat, and the robbers are sitting there enjoying themselves."

"Oh, if we could only go in and help ourselves," said the cock.

"Yes, yes," answered the donkey, "what a feast we would have!"

Then the four friends took counsel together and planned how to drive the robbers away. The donkey placed his forefeet on the window-sill, the dog jumped upon the donkey's back, the cat climbed up on the dog, and the cock perched himself on the cat's head.





## TALES OF MANY FOLK

When they were all arranged, at a given signal, they all made their music together. The donkey brayed, the dog barked, the cat miaowed, and the cock crowed.

“Hee-haw! Hee-haw! Hee-haw!” “Uhr-r-r-r! Uhr-r-r-r! Uhr-r-r-r!” “Miaow! Miaow! Miaow!” “Cock-a-doodle-do! Cock-a-doodle-do! Cock-a-doodle-do!”

Then they dashed through the window, shivering and shattering the glass and causing it to fly in all directions.

The robbers were terribly frightened at the terrible noise, for they thought the goblins were coming into their house, and so they rushed wildly out in the woods. Then the town musicians sat down at the table and each one ate all that he desired.

When they had finished their supper, they put out the lights, and each looked for a sleeping-place suited to nature and habits. The donkey lay down upon some straw in the yard, the dog stretched out on the mat by the door, the cat sat on the hearth near the warm ashes, the cock flew up into the rafters, and, as they were all very weary, they soon went sound asleep.

Long after midnight, when the robbers saw that the lights were out and that everything was quiet, the



## THE TOWN MUSICIANS OF BREMEN

robber chief said to his men: "We were very foolish to have been so easily frightened out of our wits by a strange noise. Let us go back home again."

Then he ordered one of his men to go into the house and search it, to make sure that all was safe. The robber, finding everything quiet, went into the kitchen for a light, and, seeing the cat's eyes shining in the darkness like live coals, he bent over to get a light from them; but the cat flew out at him, spitting at him and scratching his face. The robber was so frightened that he ran to get out of the door, when the dog jumped up and bit him in the leg. He tried to run through the yard, but the old donkey kicked him in the back, and the cock, awakened by the uproar, began to crow lustily:

"Cock-a-doodle-do! Cock-a-doodle-do! Cock-a-doodle-do!"

The robber rushed back as fast as he could and told his chief: "We can never go into our house again, for there is an old witch in the house. When I went to the fire, she spit at me and scratched me in the face with her long finger-nails. Behind the door there stands a man with a sharp knife, and he stabbed me in the leg. And out in the yard is a huge black monster who hit

## TALES OF MANY FOLK

me across the back with his large clubs, while up on the roof sits a judge who called loudly: 'Bring the rogue in here-e-e!' So I ran away as fast as I could."

"Well," said the robber chief, "we will never dare go near that house again." And they never did.

But the town musicians were so well pleased with their new home that they decided they would not leave it; so they never went to Bremen, and they may still be living in the house in the woods, for all we know, for he who last told the story has hardly finished speaking yet.

(German, retold from "Grimm's Fairy Tales.")



## THE WOLF AND THE SEVEN KIDS

Once upon a time there lived a mother goat, who had seven little kids, and she was just as fond of them as any mother is of her children. One day, when she was going out to get some food for her family, she called them to her and said: "My dear children, I am going out into the forest to search for some food. There is an ugly old wolf prowling about, and you must be very careful, for if he should get into the house he will eat you up, skin, hair, and bones. The old rascal tries to disguise himself, but you can tell him by his gruff voice and his black feet. Now, mind what I say. Beware of the old wolf and let no one into the house!"

"Ma-aa! Maa-maa!" bleated the little kids. "Yes, dear mama, we will be very careful. We will obey you and let no one in, so you need not worry about us."

"Baa-aa, baa-aa," bleated the old goat tenderly, as much as to say: "By-by, my babies, baa-aa, baa-aa." Then the old goat went on her way in search of food.

Before long there came a *Knock, Knock, Knock!* at the door, and a deep, gruff voice growled out: "Open the door, my dear children. Do not keep your mother waiting. I have brought some food for you to eat."

## TALES OF MANY FOLK

But the little kids knew by that deep, gruff voice that it was the old wolf.

"No, no, no!" they cried, in great alarm. "We will not open the door for you. You are not our mother, for she has a soft, gentle voice, and you speak in a deep, gruff tone. We are quite sure that you are the old wolf, and we will not let you in."

Now, the wolf was very cross at them because they would not let him in, and he growled to himself: "I can trick them so that they will not know who I am." So he went away to a shop and there he bought a lump of chalk, which he ate and ate until it made his voice quite smooth and soft. Then he went back, and, knocking at the door, he said, very sweetly:

"Open the door, my dear children; your mother is here and has brought something nice for each one of you."

But the old wolf had put one of his paws up on the window-sill, where the kids saw it, and they cried out in great alarm:

"No, no, we will not open the door for you. We know that you are not our mother, for your feet are black, and our mother has white feet. We know that you are the old wolf."

## THE WOLF AND THE SEVEN KIDS

The wolf was very angry because they would not let him in this time, and he growled to himself: "Gr-rr! Grr-rr, I can trick them so that they will not know who I am."

Running to a baker, the wolf said: "Please, kind Mr. Baker, put some dough upon my foot—I have hurt it." As soon as the baker had covered his foot with dough, the old wolf ran to the miller and said: "Sprinkle some flour upon my foot, Miller." But the miller thought: "That wicked old wolf is going to trick some one." And so he said to the wolf:

"No, I cannot spare you any flour."

"Gr-rr-grr-rr!" growled the wolf. "If you do not give me the flour at once, I will eat you up."

The miller was so frightened that he powdered the foot of the wolf. Then the wicked old wolf went a third time to the door and knocked loudly, *Knock! Knock!! Knock!!!* and called: "Open the door, my dear children; your mother is here and has brought something nice for each one of you."

"Show us your feet first," cried the little kids, so we may be sure that you are our mother."

The wolf placed his paw upon the window-sill. And, when the little kids saw that it was white, they thought

## TALES OF MANY FOLK

that it was really their mother, and they opened the door.

Alas! it was the wicked old wolf who sprang in



upon them! The poor little kids scrambled wildly about the room, trying to hide. One ran under the table; another jumped into the bed; a third hopped



## THE WOLF AND THE SEVEN KIDS

into the oven; a fourth ran into the kitchen; a fifth climbed into the cupboard; a sixth curled up in the wash-tub, and the seventh hid in the tall clock-case. But the old wolf found them all, but the last one; and he made short work of them.

After the greedy old rascal had satisfied his appetite, he strolled out of the house and went into the meadow, and, feeling very tired, he lay down on the green grass, under a big shade tree, and went fast asleep.

Not long after, the old nanny-goat came back from the woods. Oh, what a horrible sight met her eyes! The door stood wide open; tables, chairs, and benches were upset. The wash-tub was broken to bits. Blankets and pillows were thrown from the bed, and everything was in the wildest confusion.

*"Baa-aa! baa-aa! baa-aa!"* she bleated. *"Baa-aa, baa-aa! my babies! my babies! Too baa-aa-d, baa-aa-d!"* And then the mother goat searched all over the house for them, but not a kid could she find. She called each one by name, and when she came to the youngest, a tiny little voice answered: *"Ma-ma-ma-aa! here I am hidden in the clock-case."*

The mother goat helped the poor little kid climb out from the clock-case, and then he told her the whole

sad story — how the old wolf had tricked them and had eaten up all the other kids.

As the mother goat heard this, she wept bitterly: “Baaaaa-aa, baa-aa-aa, my poor babies! Too baa-aa-d!”

After a while she went out for a walk with the little kid, and, when they came to a meadow, whom should they see but the old wolf lying upon the green grass under a tree, sound asleep. He was snoring so loudly that the leaves upon the trees fairly trembled.

As the mother goat watched the wolf she thought she saw something moving in his body. And she said to the little kid:

“Can it be possible that this old monster has swallowed my poor babies whole, and that they are still alive? Run home very quickly and bring my sharp scissors, and needle and thread, and I will fix him.”

So the little kid ran and brought the old goat the scissors and needle and the thread.

“Snip! Snip! Snip!” went the scissors, as the old goat cut a hole in the side of the wolf, and a little goat popped his head out.

“Snip! Snip! Snip!” and out leaped a little kid and, capering all about, he began to bleat: “Maa-aa, ma-aa-maa-aa!”



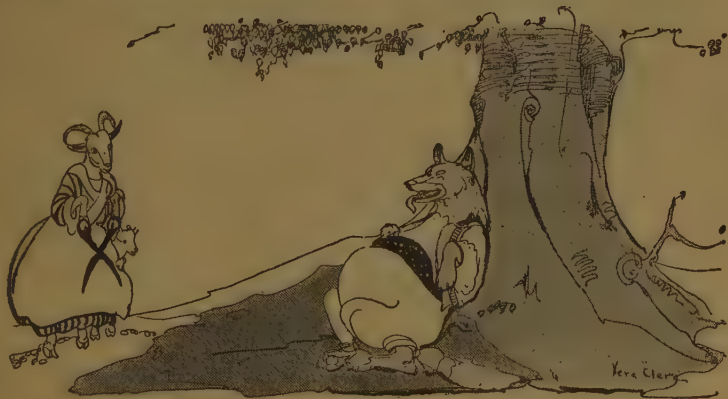
## THE WOLF AND THE SEVEN KIDS

"Huss-ssh, huss-ssh!" said the mother. "Be careful and don't wake up the old wolf."

"Snip-snip-snip!" went the scissors and, one after another, popped out a little kid, bleating: "Maa-aa-maa-aa, Maa-aa."

"Hush, hush, children, do not make so much noise. You will surely waken the old wolf. Run quickly and bring me some large stones and we will fill up this wicked old brute's body while he is asleep."

The little kids scrambled about in great haste and brought a lot of stones and stuffed the wolf with them until he could hold no more. Then the mother goat quickly sewed up the slit in his side, and, through it all, the old wolf never moved.



## TALES OF MANY FOLK

When the old wolf had slept long enough he got up and started on his way. The stones made him very thirsty, and, as he walked along, they were heavy and they rattled about inside him.

“My, but those little kids are heavy,” he grumbled to himself, and, as he heard the rattling of the stones rolling about inside of him, he cried out:

“What’s the rumbling and the tumbling  
That sets my poor body to grumbling?  
I ate six kids, body and bones,  
But now they feel like heavy stones!”

As he stooped over the spring, to drink the water, the heavy stones pulled him forward until he lost his balance and fell into the water. Then those heavy stones dragged him down, down into the water, and he was drowned.

Now, when the seven little kids saw what had happened they ran to their mother, bleating “Ma-aa-aa, Ma-aa-aa, the old wolf is dead—the old wolf is dead! Ma-aa-aa, maa-aa-aa,” and the mother goat frisked and capered and danced with them in their joy.

(German.)

## DRAKESBILL AND HIS FRIENDS

Once upon a time there was a very busy little fellow called Drakesbill. He was such a hard worker that soon he had earned a great bag full of gold which he kept hidden away out of sight.

Now, it happened that the king of the country was always in need of money, and, when he heard that Drakesbill had this great wealth, he sent messengers to him who said:

“His Majesty would like to borrow your gold, but he will return it to you in a year.”

As Drakesbill was a generous little fellow, he felt honored to lend his money to the King, so he answered: “His Majesty is welcome to all of my wealth,” and he gave his bagful of gold to the king’s messengers.

Then Drakesbill worked harder than ever to earn more gold. After a year had passed, he thought of the gold which he had lent to the King. The time was up, but the King did not return it. He waited another year, and then sent letters to the King asking him for his money, but the King would not answer. At last Drakesbill was quite out of patience and said: “I have

## TALES OF MANY FOLK

waited a due time for the King to pay me, and now I shall go to His Majesty and demand my money."

Drakesbill started out for the King's palace. The day was fine, and he felt very happy as he waddled along, singing to himself:

"Quack, quack, quack,  
I want my money back."

He had not gone far when he met his friend Fox, who was returning from a nightly prowling in the barnyard.

"Good morning, Drakesbill," said the fox; "Where are you going?"

"Oh, I am going to see the King," answered Drakesbill. "I shall ask him to pay back the money he owes me."

"Take me with you," said the fox.

"Well, a friend in need is a friend indeed," said Drakesbill to himself, but to the fox he said: "All right, my good friend Fox, make yourself very small and creep into my pocket."

The fox did as he was bid, and away went Drakesbill, as merry as a grig, singing:

## DRAKESBILL AND HIS FRIENDS

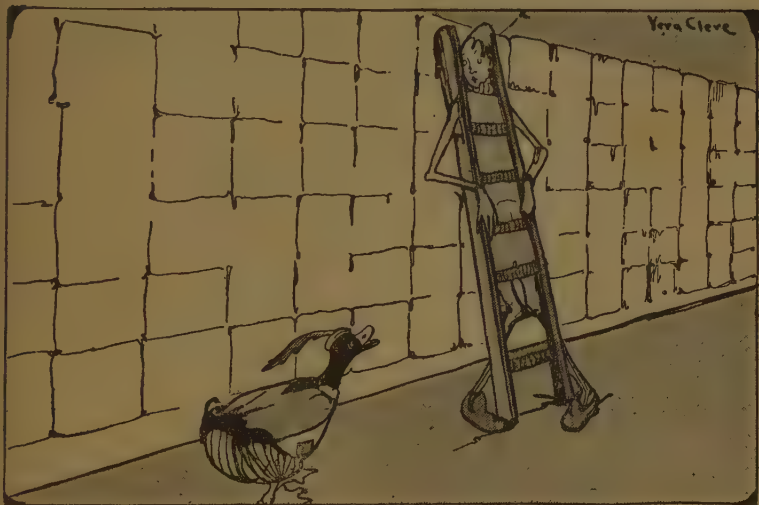
“Quack, quack, quack,  
I want my money back.”

Next Drakesbill saw a ladder leaning against the wall.

“Good morning, friend Drakesbill,” said the ladder. “Where are you going?”

“Oh, I am going to see the King to ask him to pay me my money.”

“Do take me with you,” said the ladder. “Perhaps I can be of use to you.”



## TALES OF MANY FOLK

"One cannot have too many friends," said Drakesbill to himself, as he answered: "All right; make yourself very small and creep under my wing." The ladder did as he was bid, and away went Drakesbill, as merry as a grig, singing:

"Quack, quack, quack,  
I want my money back."

By and by he met the river.

"Good morning, friend," rippled the river. "Where are you going?"

"Oh, I am going to see the King and ask him to pay me my money," answered Drakesbill.

"Please let me go with you," said the river. "Perhaps I can be of use to you."

"All right," said Drakesbill. "Make yourself very small and creep into my pocket." So the river did as she was bid, and away went Drakesbill, as merry as a grig, singing:

"Quack, quack, quack,  
I want my money back."

A little farther along he met a wasp's-nest.

## DRAKESBILL AND HIS FRIENDS

"Good morning, friend," said the wasp's-nest.  
"Where are you going?"

"Oh, I am going to see the King and ask him to pay me what he owes me," said Drakesbill.

"Please let me go with you," said the wasp's-nest.  
"I have never seen the King, and maybe I can be of use to you."

"It is better to be on the right side of a wasp's-nest," said Drakesbill to himself, and he answered:  
"Come, then, friend Wasp's-nest, make yourself very small and creep into my pocket."

So the wasp's-nest made itself very small, and all the wasps hid themselves in Drakesbill's pocket, and he went along his way, singing:

"Quack, quack, quack,  
I want my money back."

At last Drakesbill came to the King's palace. Reaching up, he seized the great knocker and knocked as loudly as he could. "Rap-a-tap-tap, rap-a-tap-tap!" on the big door. The King's guard came hurrying to the door:

"What do you want here?" he asked.

## TALES OF MANY FOLK

"I have come to see the King," answered Drakesbill.

"The King is very busy eating his dinner," answered the guard. "He cannot be bothered by a little fellow like you.

"But I have come on business," said Drakesbill. "The King owes me money, and I am sure he will let me in if you tell him Drakesbill is here."

The guard went in with the message.

"Drakesbill, indeed!" roared the King in a rage. "Show him into the poultry-yard at once; that is where he belongs."

"Step this way, sir," said the guard to Drakesbill, who felt very proud to think he was at last to meet the King. But, before he knew what had happened to him, the guard had thrown him into the poultry-yard.

"Cluck, cluck, cluck!" said the hen, pecking at him. "What are you doing in here?"

"Siss-siss-siss!" hissed the geese.

"Gobble, gobble, gobble!" scolded the turkey; and all the fowls pushed him about until Drakesbill was afraid they would kill him. Suddenly he remembered friend Fox, who was hidden in his pocket, and he called loudly:



## DRAKESBILL AND HIS FRIENDS

“Fox, friend Fox, from your hiding-place  
Come out or sad will be my case.”

The fox did not need a second call. He sprang out and snip! snap! crish! crash! went the heads of the hens, geese, and turkeys, until all the fowls were killed. The poultry-woman, the cook, and the King’s guard, hearing the frightful din, came rushing into the yard, but there was Drakesbill, strutting about and calling:

“Quack, quack, quack,  
I want my money back.”

They all ran to tell the King what had happened.

“So he wants his money back, does he?” roared the King, in a rage.



## TALES OF MANY FOLK

"Throw him down into the big well, and see if that will not cool him off."

Then the poultry-woman, the cook, and the King's guard all ran after Drakesbill, and, when they caught him, they threw him down, down into the well.

Drakesbill was frightened almost to death until he thought of the ladder tucked under his wing, so he called out:

"Ladder, ladder, come out of thy hole  
Or Drakesbill's days will soon be told."

The ladder came out and leaned against the side of the well, with his feet planted firmly at the bottom, and his long arms reaching up to the top of the well, and "hip-hop, hip-hop," up the ladder climbed Drakesbill.

When the King looked out of the window, there was Drakesbill strutting about and calling:

"Quack, quack, quack,  
I want my money back."

Then the King was in a terrible temper.

## DRAKESBILL AND HIS FRIENDS

“What!” he shouted. “Does that rascal dare to mock me? Build a fire at once and burn him to a cinder.”

So they built a big fire and, just as they were about to throw Drakesbill into the flames, he remembered the river hidden in his pocket and he called:

“River, river, outward flow,  
Or into the fire I must go.”

Out jumped the river, and soon the water put out the fire and spread all over the courtyard. But it did not stop there; it poured into the palace and covered the floor until the King and the guards had to climb up on the chairs and tables, while Drakesbill swam about and called loudly:

“Quack, quack, quack,  
I want my money back.”

“Can no one stop this insolent fellow?” shouted the King, who was wild with wrath. “Bring him here to me and I’ll cut his throat!”

The guards were just about to seize Drakesbill,

## TALES OF MANY FOLK

when he thought of the wasp's-nest hidden in his pocket.

“Wasp's-nest, let the wasps now fly  
Or Drakesbill soon will have to die.”

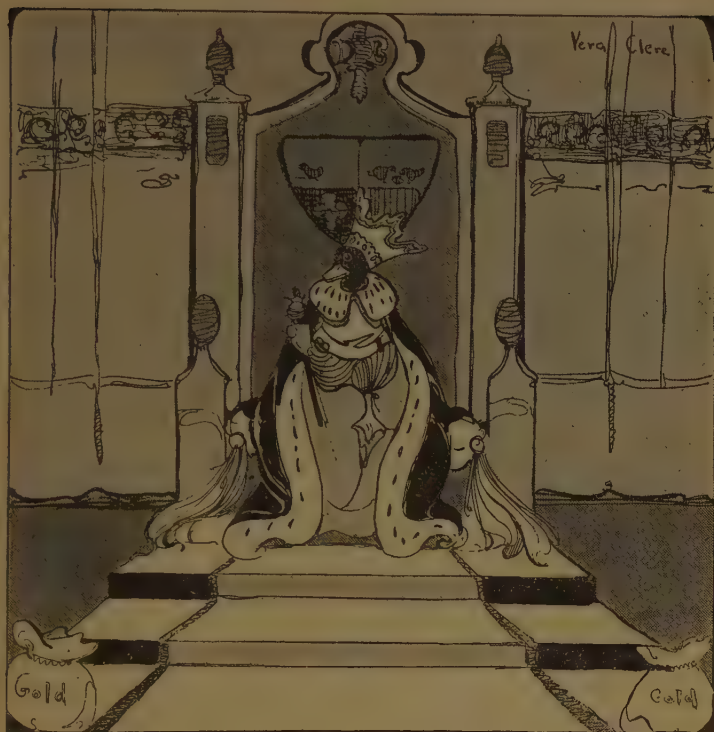
Out came the wasp's-nest, and, calling to all the wasps, away they all flew, singing: “Buzz-buzz-buzz!” as they went about stinging every one. .

The King and his guards were so frightened that they ran out of the palace as fast as they could and ran so far and so swiftly that they were never seen again.

When the people saw them running away, they all came rushing to the palace, to find out what was the matter. There they found Drakesbill sitting on the King's throne, for you must know that he was quite worn out by all this excitement; so he had climbed upon the King's velvet cushions to rest. The people were much astonished when they saw him there, but they all shouted: “The King is dead! Long live the King! Drakesbill is King, long may he reign!”

They brought the King's crown and put it on his head. “He does not look much like a King,” one man

## DRAKESBILL AND HIS FRIENDS



whispered to another, but the people all said: "Hush! At least he will not spend all of our money."

So Drakesbill reigned over that country for many years. And all the people lived in peace and plenty the rest of their lives.

(French.)

## BUCHETTINO

Once upon a time there lived a little boy who was named Buchettino. One morning his mother called to him: "Buchettino, I have so much work to do to-day, I need your help. Will you please take this broom and sweep the stairs?"

"Yes, mama," answered Buchettino, and as he was a very obedient boy, he did not wait to be told a second time, but went at once to sweep the stairs. As he was sweeping he heard a little noise, "Click, click, click," and, looking about, he saw a penny rolling down the steps.

"Oh, my broom helped me to find a penny," he said, joyously. "Now, what shall I buy with my penny? I think that I will buy some dates . . . but, no, that would be foolish, for I should have to throw away the stones.

"I will buy some apples . . . but, no, that would be foolish, for I should have to throw away the core.

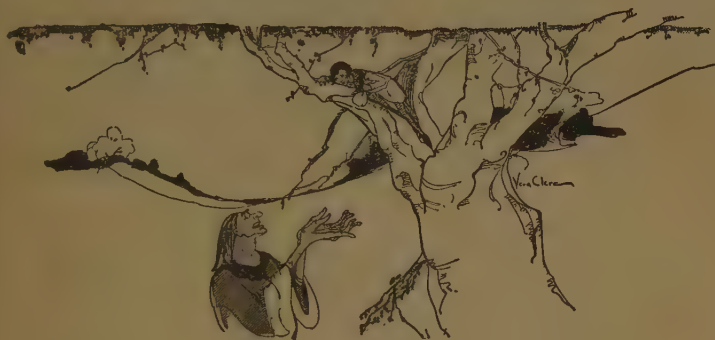
"I will buy some nuts . . . but, no, that would be foolish, for I should have to throw away the shells.

"What shall I buy? Oh, I know, I will buy some

## BUCHETTINO

figs, for I will not have to throw any part of them away."

So Buchettino went to the market-place and bought a penny's worth of figs. The day was warm, and he was so tired that he climbed up in the branches of a tree to rest and to eat his figs.



While he was eating them, an ugly old ogre passed by, and, looking up in the tree, he saw the little boy, and called out, in a loud voice:

*"Buchettino, Buchettino!  
My dear Buchettino,  
Give me a little fig  
With your own little hand;  
If not, I will eat you!"*

## TALES OF MANY FOLK

Buchettino was very much frightened when he looked down and saw the ugly old ogre standing beneath the tree, glaring up at him; so he threw down a fig, but it fell in the dirt.

The ogre looked at the dirty fig, and called again, in a loud voice:

*“Buchettino, Buchettino!  
My dear Buchettino,  
Give me a little fig  
With your own little hand;  
If not, I will eat you!”*

Buchettino threw down another fig, which also fell in the dirt.

The ogre was very angry at this, and called out in a louder voice:

*“Buchettino, Buchettino!  
My dear Buchettino,  
Give me a little fig  
With your own little hand,  
Or I will climb up and eat you!”*

Poor little Buchettino did not know that the old



## BUCHETTINO

ogre was trying to trick him, and so he leaned far down from the branches and foolishly gave the ogre a fig from his own little hand.

“Ha-ha-ha! Now, I have caught you, my dear little Buchettino,” laughed the ogre in a mocking voice, as, seizing Buchettino by the arm, he suddenly dragged him from the branches of the tree. Putting him into his big bag, he threw the bag over his back, and went home shouting and singing:

“I have caught Buchettino,  
Nice, tender little Buchettino;  
Wife, my dear wife!  
Build up the fire hot,  
And put on the big pot,  
For I have caught Buchettino.”

Now, when the ogre came near his home, he thought of something else he must do; so, putting his bag down upon the ground he walked away.

When Buchettino heard the ogre walking away, he said to himself: “I must get out of this bag while he is gone.” So, taking his knife out of his pocket, Buchettino ripped and ripped a hole in the bag. Crawling out

## TALES OF MANY FOLK

of this hole, he filled the bag with stones, and said to himself:

“Run away, my legs, run away,  
It is no shame to run away  
When there's no need to stay.”

When the ugly old ogre came back, he picked up the bag of stones, and, throwing it over his back, he said: “My, but this little Buchettino is heavy,” and when he came to the door of his house, he shouted again to his wife:

“I have caught Buchettino,  
Nice, tender little Buchettino;  
Wife, my dear wife!  
Build up the fire hot,  
And put on the big pot;  
For I have caught Buchettino!”

“The fire is very hot,” said the ogre's wife, “and for some time the water has been boiling in the pot.”

“That is fine,” said the ogre. “Come help me lift the bag, for he is a very heavy boy.

## BUCHETTINO

“Ha! Ha! I have caught Buchettino,  
Nice, tender little Buchettino;  
And now we will cook Buchettino,  
Nice, tender little Buchettino!”

But when they emptied the bag into the pot, splash went the heavy stones into the scalding water, which splashed out and burned the ogre and his wife upon the hands.

The ogre howled in pain and rage: “Buchettino has tricked us! He put these heavy stones into my bag, and then ran away. But just wait until I catch him again; he shall pay for this!”

The next day the ogre went about everywhere, looking for Buchettino, and every little while he would gnash his teeth and growl to himself: “Just wait until I catch Buchettino!!”

Then the ugly old ogre went prowling about through the village, and looked into all the hiding-places, but he could not find Buchettino. At last he happened to look up on the roof of a house, and there he saw Buchettino, laughing and grinning down at the ogre, for he had been watching the ogre prowl about.

When the ogre saw Buchettino mocking him, he

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## BUCHETTINO

was very angry; but he thought it best to seem friendly, and so he said in a very sweet voice: "Buchettino, my dear little Buchettino, do tell me how you ever managed to climb up on that high roof."

"Do you really want to know?" asked Buchettino.

"Yes, indeed I do," answered the ogre.

"Then listen to me, and I will tell you. I put dishes upon dishes, glasses upon glasses, pans upon pans, kettles upon kettles, and then I climbed up on them, and here I am, as you can see."

"Oho! Is that so?" said the ogre. "Just wait a minute and I will climb, too."

So the ogre very quickly put dishes upon dishes, glasses upon glasses, pans upon pans, kettles upon kettles, until he had made a great mountain of them. Then he began to climb and climb, until he was nearly to the top, when "*Brutumtum! tum! tum!*" "*Crash! Bang! Crash!*" everything fell down, and the old ogre came crashing and tumbling to the ground with all of the broken dishes, glasses, pans, and kettles piled on top of him! And he never did catch little Buchettino!

(Retold from "Italian Popular Tales," by Thomas Frederick Crane.)

## THE LITTLE HALF-CHICK

Once upon a time there lived, in the poultry-yard of a rich farmer, a handsome Spanish hen. One bright Spring day this handsome hen hatched out a whole brood of little chicks.

"Peep! Peep! Peep!" they all cried as they stepped out of their small shell houses.

"Cluck! Cluck! Cluck!" answered their mother proudly, for she was very much pleased with her fluffy little brood. Then she looked in surprise at one of her new chickens, for, she saw, stepping out of his shell, a little Half-Chick. He had only one leg, one wing, and half a beak. But he chirped out, "Peep, peep, peep!" as bravely as any of his brothers and sisters.

"Cluck, cluck! Bad luck! Cluck, cluck!" clucked the handsome hen in sympathy. "Why, you poor little fellow, I must take very good care of you."

She went over to him at once and nestled him close to her warm feathers. Like all good mothers, she felt very sorry for her poor little weakling. As she led her chicks about the poultry-yard, she walked by the side of the little Half-Chick. When she scratched up the

## THE LITTLE HALF-CHICK

worms in the garden, she saw to it that he had the largest portion for his breakfast, and, in every way, she tried to protect him and keep him from harm.

But the little Half-Chick did not seem to notice his



mother's loving care. He would not mind her, and, when she called "Cluck — Cluck — Cluck! Come, children; come, children!" he would hop away on his one leg, with a "hoppity-kick! hoppity-kick! hoppity-kick!" while the poor mother hen ran clucking and scolding after him!

When he grew older and had half a tail he was so vain that he would stand for a long time looking at himself in the brook. He would flap his one little wing,



## TALES OF MANY FOLK

and he would give a little half-crow: "Cock-a-doodle-doo-oo!" as much as to say: "How-do-you-doo-oo! I am a little Half-Chick, I am. There are no chicks in the world like I am. All the others have two legs — two wings — two eyes — a whole beak and all of their tail feathers. I am most unusual, I am. I am a little Half-Chick, I am. Cock-a-doodle-doo-oo!"

One day, when the little Half-Chick felt very much puffed up with pride, he said to his mother: "I'm the most important chick in the whole barnyard. Every one always stops and looks at me, and I shall not stay in this stupid home any more. I shall go out into the big world, to the city of Madrid, and call upon the King; I am sure that he will be glad to see me. Cock-a-doodle-doo-oo!"

"Cluck, cluck! Bad luck!" clucked the mother hen, as she ruffled up her feathers and began to scold the little Half-Chick. "No, no! You must not go away; you are only a poor little Half-Chick and must stay here close to your mother. We are treated very well in this barnyard, and the big world outside will not be so kind to you; so stay here by my side, little Half-Chick!"

"Cock-a-doodle-doo-oo! I will not stay with you-oo-



## THE LITTLE HALF-CHICK

oo! I am old enough to go where I please and do as I please. I shall not stay in this pokey old place another day! This quiet life does not suit me at all. Cock-a-doodle-doo-oo! I know more than you-oo-oo! I am off for Madrid, I am, to see the King, I am!" And, "hop-pity-kick, hoppity-kick, hoppity-kick," away went the little Half-Chick.

He hopped far away across the fields, and every little while he would flap his one wing and give his little half-crow three times.

As he half flew and half hopped across the fields, he came to a little brook which was almost dried up by the sun. A tiny thread of water tried to trickle along. This was so small that it was almost choked by some leaves and weeds that had blown against it.

"Oh, little Half-Chick," whispered the water, "won't you please stop and help me? You can see that I'm almost choked by these weeds. Won't you carry them away with your beak? And brush these leaves aside with your wing? Please help me."

"Cock-a-doodle-doo-oo! No, I'll not help you-oo!" crowed the Half-Chick. "Help you, indeed! Help yourself when you are in trouble. It is not my business to sweep out brooks. I'm a little Half-Chick, I am. I'm

## TALES OF MANY FOLK



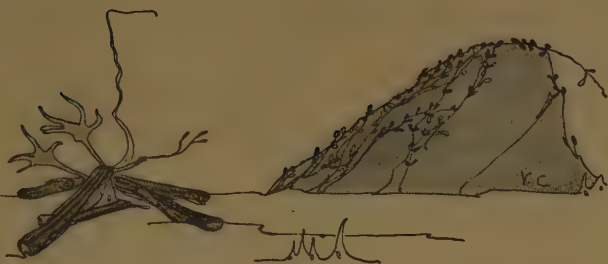
going to Madrid, I am — to see the King, I am !” And, “hoppity-kick, hoppity-kick, hoppity-kick,” away went the little Half-Chick.

A little farther on the little Half-Chick came to a field, where the weeds were piled up ready to burn. There he saw a little flame of fire almost smothered as it tried to burn some damp sticks.

“Oh, little Half-Chick, you are just in time to save my life,” gasped the fire. “I am dying for want of air. Do fan me with your wing and bring me some dry straws, so that I may rekindle my strength. Please help me, little Half-Chick !”

“Cock-a-doodle-doo-oo ! No, I’ll not help you-oo !” crowed the little Half-Chick. “Help you, indeed ! Help yourself when you are in trouble. It is not my business to fan your flames. I am a little Half-Chick, I am. I

## THE LITTLE HALF-CHICK



am going to Madrid, I am — to see the King, I am!” And, “hoppity-kick, hoppity-kick, hoppity-kick,” away went the little Half-Chick.

Now, when he had gone a good bit of the way toward Madrid he came to a clump of bushes where the wind seemed to be caught. It was so very warm that the wind could not even rustle a leaf. He lay in the bushes and groaned: “Oo-oo! Oo-oo! Oo-ooo! Oo-ooo! Doo-oo, do-oo, do-oo, doo-oo-oo-oo! Please do help me, little Half-Chick; the day is so warm, and now I am caught in this bush, and I am so very weak that I cannot get out. If you will please fan me with your wing, and pick aside these branches with your half-beak, I can get my breath and go on my way. Please help me, little Half-Chick.”

“Cock-a-doodle-doo-oo, no! I’ll not help you-oo!”

crowed the little Half-Chick. "Help you, indeed! Help yourself when you are in trouble. It is not my business to fan you. I am a little Half-Chick, I am. I'm going to Madrid, I am — to see the King, I am!" And, "hoppity-kick, hoppity-kick, hoppity-kick," away went the little Half-Chick.

So, hopping and hopping, and strutting and strutting proudly onward, the little Half-Chick came to the great city of Madrid, and to the palace of the King. He strutted right past the sentry at the gate, who looked at him with much amusement.

"Hoppity-kick, hoppity-kick, hoppity-kick!" he went across the courtyard. He flapped his one wing three times, and, stretching out his neck, he crowed as loudly as he could: "Cock-a-doodle-doo-oo! I've come to call on you-oo-oo! I'm a little Half-Chick, I am, and I'm here to call upon the King, I am!"

Now, the King did not hear the crowing of the little Half-Chick, and, if he had, he would never have noticed him. But the cook heard the shrill crowing and came running out of his kitchen.

"What a funny-looking rooster," he laughed. "However, as I am needing some chicken broth for my dinner, I guess that he will do."

## THE LITTLE HALF-CHICK

"Funny-looking rooster, indeed!" answered the angry little Half-Chick. "I would have you know that I am a little Half-Chick, I am. I am here to call upon the King, I am!"

When the little Half-Chick saw the cook running toward him he became very frightened, and he went "hoppity-kick, hoppity-kick, hoppity-kick!" as fast as he could go.

The cook ran faster and faster, and faster and faster hopped the little Half-Chick. But the cook soon caught him and carried him into the kitchen. And the next thing that the little Half-Chick knew he was thrown into a kettle of water which hung over the fire.

"Oh, Water, Water, please don't drown me," moaned the little Half-Chick. "You are coming up so high that you will surely strangle me. I cannot swim — I am only a little Half-Chick, and I will not make very good soup."

"So, oh, so you are the little Half-Chick, are you?" gurgled the water. "Why, I met you a while ago, and you said: 'Help yourself when you are in trouble.'" And the water came up higher and higher — "Bubble, bubble, boil, boil!" Higher and higher it climbed, and

it grew hotter and hotter as the fire beneath it crackled and snapped.

The little Half-Chick screamed out at the fire: "Oh, Fire, Fire, please don't burn so hot! You are making the water so warm that I shall be scalded to death. I am only a little Half-Chick. I will not make good soup."

"So, oh, so you are the little Half-Chick, are you?" snapped the fire. "Why, I met you a little while ago, and you said: 'Help yourself when you are in trouble!'" And the fire went right on, "Crackle, crackle, snap, snap!" Higher and higher blazed the fire, and hotter and hotter boiled the water, until the little Half-Chick burned to a crisp.

When the cook looked in the kettle he said in disgust: "This chick is no good for soup; it is burned to a crisp. Anyway, it's only a little Half-Chick, and that is why it cooked so fast. I may as well throw it out now." And, taking the little Half-Chick by the leg, the cook threw it out of the window.

Now, just at this moment, the wind came rushing around the castle courtyard, and, seizing the little Half-Chick, carried it up, up, in the air, higher than the trees and higher than the tall towers of the castle.

## THE LITTLE HALF-CHICK

The poor little Half-Chick was so dizzy that it called out in fright:

“Oh, Strong Wind, please, please let me down to the earth. I am only a little Half-Chick. I am burned to a crisp, and I am so frightened. Please help me!”

“So, oh, so-oh, you are the little Half-Chick, are you? Oho, Oho-oo, I blow and blow, and you go — go where’er I go. Do you remember that when I met you in the forest a while ago, you said: ‘Help yourself when you are in trouble.’ Aha — Oho! You will blow when I tell you to blow.”

Then the wind, roaring loudly, rushed through the air with the little Half-Chick, so fast that he thought he would surely perish. Suddenly the wind circled about with a sweep and swirl, carrying the little Half-Chick up to the highest church steeple in all Madrid, and there he stuck him fast. “Ha-ha-ha, ho-ho-ho! You will blow when I tell you to blow —” howled the wind.

So, to this very day, the little Half-Chick stands upon the tall church steeple, on his one leg, with his one wing, his one eye, his half a beak, and his half-tail-feathers. He can never go “hoppity-kick” any more; nor can he give his half-crow. But at last he has learned



## TALES OF MANY FOLK

how to obey, for, whenever the wind blows against him and says, "Turn, turn!" he turns very quickly, for he must always obey the voice of the wind.

We do not call him the little Half-Chick now; nor do we call him by his Spanish name, "Coquerico," but we do speak of him as the "Weather-Cock."

(Spanish. Retold from "The Story of Coquerico" in Laboulaye's Fairy Book.)











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